

Bugs rub their legs together in a fevered pitch  
It trips me out  
Never gonna let it out

Birds they wheeze and my legs they itch  
Yeah it flips me out  
Wonder what it's all about

And think of things, and how they got this way  
Way above the rest  
Isn't this the fucking best  
Superficial we may say  
So down to earth in an earthy kind of way  
It's just the best that we can do  
Is this just the best that we can do

Planes that buzz and cars that roam  
Trees that grow through the forest foam  
Squirrels that cross you overhead  
Make their way to the squirrely bed  
Yes, even squirrels have beds

A natural light in the natural world  
It trips me out  
Never gonna read about it

Our favored nation and our favorite girl  
She flips me out  
Never ever really doubt it

And as your hand rests gently on her head  
Remove the clutter and the papers that you read  
A whispered comment or a compliment is said  
And you take her hand as you gesture toward the bed  
I can't believe this feels this good